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FERN LEAVES

& OTHER MUSINGS



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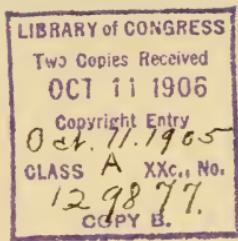
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FERN LEAVES AND OTHER MUSINGS

BY
LAURA (HALL) REED



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BY LAURA (HALL) REED

INTRODUCTORY

In giving this book to the public we not only wish to contribute to general reading matter, but to help fill a much-felt want in furnishing declamations for children and for special occasions and for the very young ones, which our juvenile department supplies.

As a teacher, I was often in need of material to fill out a literary program, and had recourse to my own ability to write little couplets or longer speeches for required need. I have been advised by friends to put these productions, with others of my writings in a volume for general use, and hope it will be appreciated.

This book is intended also to contribute to the literary holdings of the family library, as well as to furnish reading matter, verses for quotations, and references in filling out original sentences in composition and for any general use that such a production may be used.

Presenting this to the public with best intentions, we hope to reap the kindly appreciation and good will of all the readers of this little volume, and may they be legion, and be ready for my NEXT.

THE AUTHOR

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FERN LEAVES

Fern Leaves, O, fern leaves,
Like a poet's thought,
Lighten up a rugged scene,
Transform a barren spot.
Delicate to look upon,
But firm to grow and seem
The tracery of a hidden hand
In shades of richest green.

Fern leaves, O, fern leaves,
How I love to see
Fragile leaves of beauty
In lace-like tracery.
Fern leaves, bright fern leaves,
Let thy beauty still
Decorate the shady nooks
And flower-bedewed hill.

There may I find you ever,
There may I see thy grace,
Like a thought of heaven,
Dropped down into space.
Other plants may blossom
In beauty rich and sweet;
Ferns have no need to blossom—
Their beauty is complete.

They grow to furnish others
What they lack in grace ;
To give a rich green trimming
Of heaven's own made lace.

Fern leaves, rich fern leaves,
I know you're thoughts from
heaven,
Like flowers, the earth to brighten,
By a loving Father given

WATER LILIES, HEARTS OF GOLD

Water lilies, hearts of gold,
In your depths a secret hold ;
Why may lilies bloom so fair
With muddy water everywhere
Where the pure white lilies grow ?
Bloom in beauty, lilies, blow,
To me, lilies, thoughts unfold—
Water lilies, hearts of gold.

Stars of beauty, hearts of gold,
'Tis a secret you will hold,
How your cups so snowy white
Come from mud as dark as night ;
Still I greet you, lily star,
There is beauty where you are.

Water lilies, stars of love,
Worthy of such thoughts you prove—
Though some things be dark or fair,
Love may blossom everywhere.
Turning darkness into light,
Do the lily-stars so bright;
What would muddy waters hold
But for lilies, hearts of gold?
Thoughts of beauty, stars of light,
Change the face of sullen night;
So may things so useless seem
Bring forth beauty as a dream;
Lessons taught by lilies fair,
God's great love is everywhere;
Let my life thy secret hold,
Water lilies, hearts of gold.

DRIFTING IN PEACE

O, boat of life, if into peaceful
waters you may glide,
Just let me rest and drift and rock
with ebb or flow of tide,
Just let me stay where waters clear
reveal the pearls beneath
That hidden are when winds are high
and lashing waves make reek.

O, let me see the beauties of
 a troubled sea in peace,
O, let me know that on the shores
 of time oft come surcease
From tossing to and fro and straining
 nerves and brains to meet
The hardest steering of life's bark—
 what daily tasks complete.
O, let me drift and rest while yet
 on time's uncertain shore;
O, let me see the soothing peace
 that earth may hold in store;
O, let me feel the calm that comes
 when storms have ceased to ride
And when the best survives the wrecks
 of rushing winds and tide,
When such rest comes, as come it may,
 to every storm-tossed soul,
It seems the peace of heaven falls
 before we reach the goal;
'Tis then we drift and rest and wait
 for life's long sleep to come,
And perchance wake to find that life
 was but a voyage Home.

THE CASTLES WE USED TO BUILD

[To a friend who has passed from the perishing works of time to the heaven-built mansions in eternity. We built sand castles together.]

The castles we used to build, my friend,
The castles by life's great sea—
The building of which was greatest joy—
Were good and fine, thought we;
But we reckoned not the lapping waves
Of fate from life's great sea,
Nor thought we of the wrecks they'd make
Of our castles for you and me.

But building stronger and grander still,
As each castle falls away,
We planned the castles of hopeful youth
And thought to make them stay.
With wisdom and hope and cheerful hearts
We planned and built each day;
And wondered and sorrowed and hoped
betimes,
As our castles ~~fall~~ ^{feel} away.

'Tis ever thus. We plan and build
What to us seems sublime;
Our castles never stand the test
On the changing shores of time;
Still youth must build these castles fair,
For building is benign,

And the "thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts,"
Whate'er the home or clime.

I weep not for those castles fair
We built by life's great sea;
'Twas good those castles thus to build—
'Twas good for you and me.
Though I think of them as fairy dreams
Youth dreamed by life's great sea,
'Twas strength we gained and wisdom, too,
To build for eternity.

THAT SUMMER OF LONG AGO

There is a time of long ago
Enshrined in my memory,
A summer-time sweetly unreal
In visions of life for me;
But things were not just what they seemed
In that summer of long ago,
For life was then a happy dream—
'Twas faith that made it so;
When flowers bloomed in fairer sheen,
With nature's verdure more serene,
And "things were not just what they seemed"
In that summer of long ago.

Long years ago, that summer time
Has with its dreams gone by;

Long years ago the hopes it gave
Vanished, I know not why;
I know not why such times must come,
For as sure they pass away,
But memory keeps immaculate
For us a perfect day.

When flowers bloomed in fairer sheen,
The verdant grass was richer green
In life's great day of "might have been"—
In that summer of long ago.

In every life there comes a time,
Like that summer of long ago,
The acme of the soul's delight,
Which again we may not know;
And loves and joys and happy hours
Like flowers fade away;
Regrets and hates and sorrows, too,
Must pass, they may not stay;
They pass as memories sad or sweet,
Or parts of a vanished day replete,
When love seemed pure and life complete—
In that summer of long ago

"SUNNY-EYE"

[Taken from "The Lone Indian" in McGuffy's Sixth Reader.]

O, "Sunny-eye," long years ago
Your lowly bed was made,
A mound upon a gentle hill
Beneath the forest shade ;
A monarch oak to mark the place
For "Eagle-eye" to see,
That he may rest in peaceful death
And have his bed with thee.

Refrain:

O, "Eagle-eye," your heart must break,
Your life has been too long ;
The hills where as a boy you played
Echo the "pale face" song.
The white man's boat's upon the stream
Where shot the birch canoe ;
The white man's hand has changed the
scene
To death of hope for you.

O, warrior brave, so tall and grand,
Hero you still may be,
With aching heart you may survey
The land so fair to see ;
But desecrated is the spot
Where sleeps the "Sunny-eye,"

The white man's ax has felled the tree
Where Indian brave would lie.

Refrain:

O, sad the moan of breaking heart,
The heart of "Eagle-eye;"
The "pale-face" nothing sacred holds
Where Indian brave would die;
The forest calm, the grand oak's shade,
The grassy mound of clay,
The forest of primeval woods
Art, ruthless, sweeps away.

"O scattered are my people far,
The young oak and the vine,
Cut down, torn and trampled are,
Like loves and hopes of mine.
The papoose and the squaw are here,
Dead hope is in their grave,
There is no place for me to die—
No peace for Indian brave."

Refrain:

So snap the bow string long, long tried,
And break your arrows strong,
And sigh to hear no more the words
Of hopeful warrior song;
Upon the grave of "Sunny-eye"
There may your sorrows cease,
When scenes like this make your heart
wail
"I cannot die in peace."

"THE CURSE OF HAM"

(See the true story "The Curse of Ham" as arranged by author. "Li'le" is pronounced same as "little" omitting sound of t.

Out in the dusky night, owls screaming nigh,
Stars or the storm-clouds or moon sailing high,
When the world's searching eyes closed are in
sleep,

" Mammy " her vigil will faithfully keep.
Down in the dewy grass, tears falling fast,
" Mammy " is faithful in love to the last.
Others may scorn him, he now is at rest,
She croones to him yet as a babe on her breast.
Then Mammy your lullaby sing.

Refrain:

" Mammy is neah you, sleep baby boy,
Nothin' can hahm you, nothin' annoy ;
Mammy is neah you, sleep baby sleep,
Mammy 'l the hoo-doos from her li'le one keep.
Rock-bye, li'le one sleep."

No one must know of a sorrow so deep
When "Mammy" comes to a new grave to weep ;
When green grass is creeping over the dead,
Where leaves are falling to cover the bed ;
Of " Mammy's " lone lost one, her own baby boy
Once all her hopes, her ambitions, her joy,
Now he is sleeping and " Mammy's " heart breaks

While softly the echoes her lullaby wakes;
Yes, Mammy your lullaby sing.

Refrain:

"Mammy is neah you, sleep baby boy,
Nothin' can hahm you, nothin' annoy;
Mammy is neah you, sleep baby sleep,
Mammy'l the hoo-doos from her li'le one keep.
Rock-
bye, li'le one sleep."

"Love changeth not" but is faithful and true
When others must change, nor Mammy will you.
When his heart broke from "th' curse upon
Ham,"

When he must flee for his freedom from man,
"Mammy" he found you, to die in your love.
May your earth dreams be fulfilled above—
And the blood of a Saviour, as a sacrifice lamb
Cleanse mistaken sin and the "deep curse of Ham."
Then Mammy in triumph may sing.

Refrain:

"Mammy is neah you, sleep baby boy,
Nothin' can hahm you, nothin' annoy;
Mammy is neah you, sleep baby sleep,
Mammy'l the hoo-doos from her li'le one keep.
Rock-
bye, li'le one sleep."

ULLABY—EVENING SONG

Hush-a-by, lullaby, sink thou to rest,
Thy head pillow'd safely on mother's breast;
Nothing can harm thee now, baby dear,
While mother's face is bending so near,
Softly, tenderly, sinking to sleep,
Love's labors watch shall over thee keep,
Sail into dreamland, so fair and so wide,
Through restful moments there to abide.
Hush-a-by, lullaby sleep,
(Echo) Sweetly sleep.

Hush-a-by, lullaby, rest thou my child,
Sweet faith of childhood hours have beguiled,
Faith in protecting and tenderest care—
Faith in unfaltering love everywhere;
Softly and gently sailing to sleep
While evening shadows silently creep;
Nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear,
Is thy trust in a mother watching so near.
Hush-a-by, lullaby, sleep,
(Echo) Sweetly sleep.

O could my faith be as perfect as thine,
Faith in a Father's love, unchanging, divine,
Faith in unfailing and tenderest care,
Reaching and holding me close everywhere—
Could I as sweetly a lullaby hear,

Feel a dear Father's face bending as near,
Then let me tenderly sink down to rest,
Enfolded with love to my great Father's breast.

" Hush-a-by, lullaby, sleep,"

(Echo) Sweet sleep.

(To be put to music.)

by

THE KING'S HIGHWAY (ALLEGORICAL)

I stood outside the Palace gate
And waited for the King;
To answer my petition, he
A message sure would bring.

I waited there and wept and prayed,
But gates of iron and brass
Were shut upon my hopes and faith,
Nor would they let me pass.

I stood outside and bowed in grief,
My King seemed not to care;
And sorrowed I for "wasted time"
For my unheeded prayer.

Yes, waited I outside the gate,
Would faith a message bring?

It seemed in vain I waited there
An answer from the King.

Yet as I wept I chanced to see
The Prince was by my side,

His look of sweet humility

Rebuked my selfish pride.

What had he done through all the years?

I thought he did not care—

*Just making the conditions that
Were answers to my prayer.*

But, lo, I let my selfishness

But blind me to the truth;

The prayers of love and life and faith,

The prayers of years and youth,

Wore heeded all and answered as
The King alone could do.

Why had I wept outside th' gate
When he was near and true?

How long, how long it takes to learn

The patience that will wait,

Nor think the palace closed and cold

Nor weep "outside the gate!"

For lo, the thoroughfare of life

Is but the King's highway;

There we may meet him face to face
In what we do each day.

GOD'S TEMPLES

Give me something nature gave us,
 something sweet and real,
Take away the polish like
 the glare of burnished steel,
Give me nature in the music
 as a lark sings unto heaven,
Give us love and peaceful rest
 for worship God has given ;
For I'm tired of art and culture
 that all nature rubs away,
And I'm tired of showy dress parade
 for holy Sabbath day,
And I'm tired of lavish comforts
 for the holy house of God,
Of the tinsel and the mammon
 which a worldly world must laud.
Oh, I long for some sweet quiet place
 of nature greatly blessed,
Where trees and birds and verdant fields
 by nature's hand are dressed.
I love the quiet, quiet place
 "where God's great hand is seen,"
Where His loving proclamations are
 proclaimed in living green,
Giving rest from worldly labor
 and wear of daily strife,

That chokes the sweeter feelings
 that count for higher life,
And take the glare of art away
 and give me nature's sheen
Where God is the great architect
 and His loving hand is seen

COUNTRY LIFE

Here's love to th' fields that are rolling far
 With golden harvest grain ;
And here's to the fields of waiving corn
 That covers hill and plain ;
And here's to the orchard bending low
 O'er clover blossoms sweet ;
And here's a love of the quiet life
 Away from the noisy street.

Oh, yes, there's work on the busy farm,
 There's work for hands and brain,
There's something more than empty tasks
 In raising stock and grain ;
Don't count the farmer as a dunce,
 Nor scoff his work in life ;
For better is our living made
 By th' farmer and his wife.

And here's to the sunburnt hands and face,
 And shoes spread out in dirt—

And here's to the wide brimmed old straw hat
 And colored "hickory" shirt.
And here's to the farmer boy and girl
 And their work for me and you.
Without the blessings of their toil
 What would the town folk do?

Their ways can just as polished be
 Though hands are not so fair
As what are met in stores, at desks
 Or on the city's thoroughfare.
But, come, don't call them awkward, green,
 Nor scoff their badge of tan;
To make a first class farmer, sure,
 It takes a first class man.

ONLY AN ORPHAN

[Founded upon an incident of the finding of a little naked baby, cold and dead, upon the streets of a great city, and only a few blocks from palatial residences.]

Little white hands are folded
 Upon a breast as cold;
Little lips are silent
 O'er sorrows never told;
For want of warmth and sunshine
 And something fit to eat
Has added one more victim
 In poverty stricken street.

Only an orphan baby, with more than she could bear,
A little orphan baby, with less than she could wear,
A lonely orphan crying, with none to heed or care,
For there are orphan babies and sadness everywhere.

When the world is full of sunshine,
And food there is to spare,
And palace homes so empty
Of baby faces there,
'Tis strange that any baby
Should die upon the street,
With naught for its protection
And not a mite to eat.

Then only an orphan baby, with more than she could bear,
Forsaken little baby, why shouldn't someone care?
But vice and lust and folly cast babes upon the street,
To die with none to pity, and naught to wear or eat.

But there are orphan children
With not a place to go
In every crowded city—
O, shame that it is so!
They're worse than orphan babies
When vices rout the home;
O, is it necessary
To have the city slum?

Yes, only an orphan baby, with more than she could bear,

Only an orphan baby, with less than she could wear,
Must die of cold and hunger, yes, die upon the street--

O, worse than orphan baby, so sad that this could be.

SAN FRANCISCO, PACIFIC'S BRIDE

(No. 1)

(No. 2 put to music as the New San Francisco.)

O, fair San Francisco,
 So great in thy pride,

When sitting in beauty,
 Pacific's fair bride;

O, great California,
 The garden of God,

Where nature's best gifts are
 Spread lavish abroad;

How art thou now weeping
 In sorrow today,

For death and destruction
 Have claimed thee for prey.

Refrain:

O, San Francisco, O "Golden Gate,"
Great is thy sorrow and pitiful fate;
Pride of the seacoast, the Pacific's bride,
Sitting in ashes, with faith sorely tried;
Our stricken city bowing in grief,

Our offering of love is now thy relief;
O, California, here is our free hand,
Here's love and pity for thy stricken land.

O, proud San Francisco,
In sack-cloth bows low,
To fair California,
A desperate blow;
But sympathy yet lives,
Though sorrow lives, too,
So frail are ambitions,
But hearts must be true;
O, fair were thy prospects—
A fresh fun'ral pile
Now marks thy achievements
For many a mile.

Futile are wealth and art
When God's forces move,
As naught the works of man
Against nature prove;
Foolish the works of man—
Best works of his hand
May perish in moments—
But love can withstand;
So faith must yet conquer
In trials like this:
Yes, stronger than earthquakes
Sweet charity is.

THE PAST

The dying leaves have fallen,
The trees look bare and cold;
The winter now is coming,
The year is growing old.

Sadly the winds are wailing,
Singing a doleful lay,
Where lately flowers were smiling
In the mellow autumn day.

Thus e'en our lives are going,
Our springs and summers pass,
Our thoughts, our hopes, our friendships
Go as the flowers and grass.

But each must serve a purpose,
As the flowers that fall away;
The past with its fruit is garnered
Like the fruit of autumn day.

THE MISSISSIPPI

O, roll, wide stream, away
In ceaseless, turbulent sway
Toward the sea;
Thy water's just the same
As ere the steamers came
To ply on thee.

O, what can change thy face
Or leave a lasting trace
 Upon thy waves?
Upon thy bed await
The lowly and the great
 In wat'ry graves.

Aye, had'st thou rolled between
Primeval forests green
 Hundreds of years,
When DeSoto's soldiers came
Hunting for gold and fame,
 Hailed thee with cheers.

Nothing so grand he found
As thee, in forests 'round,
 His resting place;
May DeSoto's ashes be
Forever held by thee
 In death's embrace.

The Indian's light canoe,
Bearing its savage crew,
 Has passed away,
But still from shore to shore
Thy muddy waters roar
 Forever and aye.

Thy unchanged course pursue
Countless of ages through,

A blessing to man ;
Spanned by his works of art,
Flow through our country's heart,
Sublime and grand.

THE CONVICT'S RELEASE

What ! is it true I'm free once more ?
Am I outside the prison door ?
What ! can it be with bang and grate
They have shut to the prison gate
And left me free ?

And am I *free* ? How strange, indeed !
I cannot feel that I am freed !
How dragged the days that now are past !
Ten years have slowly gone at last,
And I am here,

Outside the walls that hold within
Convicts such as I have been,
Yet almost loth I am to go
Out in the world that hates me so
For what I've been.

Alas ! they might have kept me there,
For though I now breathe freedom's air,
No home awaits to welcome me,
No hearts are glad because I'm free—
Alas, *not one!*

With broken heart my mother died,
Long years ago I was her pride ;
O, God ! how did I win the shame
That brought disgrace upon my name
And wrecked my hopes !

I learned the fatal cup to drain,
It stoned my heart, it turned my brain
And reason fled, while in its power
A fatal crime of one short hour
A convict made.

A convict *then*, an outcast *now*,
The mark of shame upon my brow ;
'Twould break my heart to go once more
And stand beside the cottage door
Of what *was* home,

And hear the murmuring waterfall
From crystal springs behind the wall,
Or stand where boyish hands have made
Mills and castles in the shade
Of maple trees.

Nor could I rest upon the hill
Where stands the church in shadows still,
Where oft I sang in childish glee
With other children, glad and free,
On Sabbath day.

O, when I sang in sabbath school,
O, when I played in shade so cool,
What heart would then have dared to tell
That I should fill a felon's cell,
 A convict be!

O, curse the cup that made me such !
O, curse the time I drank too much !
Twice cursed the life that I must wear !
And cursed the name that I must bear—
 “A convict free ! ”

For in the world no place for me
Can my heart find, though I am free !
Alas, they might have kept me there !
No joys I breathe with freedom's air—
 No hopes awake !

No, I shall never trusted be,
I'm still a convict, though I'm free ;
Yes, almost loth I am to go,
For all will shun me when they know
 What I have been.

O, walls that loom up in my sight,
O, walls that look so cold tonight,
Why should I leave thy shadows deep ?
Near to thy stones O let me sleep
 And find sweet rest.

NOTE Taken from a true incident. The conditions attending the convict's standing in the world after his release drive more back to crime than on to good citizenship. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, with the "Volunteer Army" is carrying on a work made necessary by just such conditions, and it is very praiseworthy.

"ONLY A PAUPER"

"Only a pauper! A pauper," we say,
She died this morn at break of day.
No friend was near; no one to weep,
When at last in death she fell asleep.
Like the light of stars, that fade at day,
The light of her life has faded away.

Those hard, brown hands are folded to rest
Across that poor, old, wrinkled breast.
That heavy heart—'twas full of pain—
Will never resume its task again.
Those eyes, that were dimmed with weeping here,
Will be moistened no more by sorrow's tear.

Always an outcast? Ah, no, we say.
She was once a child happy and gay,
With friends and father and mother dear,
Who filled her life with hope and cheer—
Hope, that died in the cruel blast,
When she became a pauper at last.

Has she pillow'd sweet babes upon her breast?
Have childish lips to hers been pressed?
Have small hands rested on brow and cheek,
As her lullaby hushed them to gentle sleep?
We may not know what her life has been;
Of the joys or sorrows she has seen.

But this we know, she's a pauper old,
Soon to be covered by clay, so cold.
God knows the trials she had to bear ;
Though "only a pauper" He will care.
He'll not forget her lowly bed,
His angels will guard the forsaken dead.

THE GRAVE IN THE GRASS

(To be set to music.)

I

There's a grave in the grass
and the green moss is creeping
To cover the mound where the loved one is dead,
And the sweet flowers are waving
we planted a weeping
When we decked with great care the last narrow bed,
Yes, only too soon
Thus over the tomb
The grave mosses creep
and the sweet flowers bloom.

II

O, that the grave in the grass
holds a heart that was loving,
Holds the form of a friend both tender and true,
Though we long much to see
the face of the loved one,

That grave in the grass holds it ever from view.

Yes ever from view,

Though hearts ache anew

To behold once again the friend

loved and true.

III

There's a grave in our hearts

like the one in the grasses,

'Twas made when they laid the loved one to rest.

And the sigh of the wind

that o'er the tomb passes

Is echoed again in a sad, aching breast.

We sigh for the dead

And softly we tread

As we deck with great care

the last narrow bed.

IV

We, too, shall lie 'neath the moss

and the flowers

And near us will be the grave in the grass.

While above us will fall

the sunshine and showers,

And we'll hear not the sigh of th' winds as they pass.

Then only too soon

Thus over the tomb

The grave moss will creep

and the sweet flowers bloom.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

Oh! we may laden the children
With flowers, sweet and fair,
To bear to the graves of heroes
Our tokens of loving care.

Our hearts may swell with emotions,
When we stand by the soldier's grave;
When we think of his deeds of valor,
Of the life he freely gave.

And the soldier's pulse may quicken,
While keeping step to the drum,
As it did on the eve of battle,
Ere the conflict had begun.

We see a nation severed,
Convulsed with fear and pain;
And anxious hearts are asking,
"Will it e'er be one again?"

But the breach is brought together,
With blood cemented o'er.

Oh! may the heart of the nation
Be broken never more.

But, Ah! what wounds we open
When we ask the question low,
"Where was your son buried?"
"Alas, we do not know."

" He fell in sunny Southland
 Away down in Tennessee."
Or answer may come more sadly—
 " He was marching to the sea."

" But, where our boy is buried
 There is not e'en a stone—
Only a slab engraven
 With the piteous word, ' Unknown.'"

We may stand by those we've buried
 And shed our tears, and sigh,
But O, 'tis a grain of comfort
 To know just *where* they lie.

But for those who fell in Southland,
 Away from friends and home,
Our hearts must ache to remember
 Their graves are marked, " Unknown."

" Unknown " the fallen soldier,
 Sleeping beneath the sod—
" Unknown " his name to mortals,
 But not " Unknown " to God.

THE SOLDIER'S REVEILLE

O, twine the laurel and roses
 And all the flowers of May,
Unto garlands of beauty
 For Decoration Day.

Where sleep the fallen heroes
 Let tokens of love be seen ;
And tread with gentle footsteps
 Their narrow graves between,
They've folded their tents forever.
And crossed the mystic river,
At the call of the Great Commander
To the bivouac of the dead.

No more the roar of cannon
 Nor rousing beat of drum,
Will call them forth to action—
 Their victories are all won.
No wars for them are raging,
 They've heard the last "tat-too."
But ever waves their banner,
 The old "red, white and blue."
They've folded their tents forever,
And crossed the mystic river,
At the call of the Great Commander
To the bivouac of the dead.

'Tis well we love and honor,
 'Tis well we plant sweet flowers
To blossom in the sunshine
 To freshen in the showers ;
'Tis well to show devotion
 To them whose hearts were true—

Ne'er may they be forgotten,
When *all* who wore the *blue*
Have folded their tents forever,
And crossed the mystic river,
At the call of the Great Commander
To the bivouac of the dead.

"AMERICAN," "AMERICA"

Don't tell me things are not so good
And of less consequence,
Unless they have a foreign name
In some confusing French ;—
Don't tell me things are better if
They come from o'er the sea,
For "American," "America" is good
enough for me.
Then with your foreign things "go 'way,"
I'll take our home made any day ;
America is better pay,
And good enough for me.

The finest of French (?) merchandise
In America is made.
For goods of "French" construction
Enormous sums are paid.
While in our own fair country
Is the best for any price.

So you'll buy in "Old America"
If you're a patriot and wise.
Then with your foreign things "go 'way,"
We'll take our "home-spun" any day;
And spell it in "America,"
"Tis "America" for me.

The cut of shoe, the style of hat,
The mode I dress my hair—
I'd rather have "American,"
And everything I wear.
We need not go to Europe
To learn a thing or two—
We can learn in our own country
What's best for me and you.
Then with your "a la modes" go 'way,
And name things in an English way;
When made in our America,
That's good enough for me.

She has the ablest scholars,
She has the finest schools,
She has the smartest people,
She has the biggest fools.
She's in the lead for most things,
Of this don't doubtful be.
O, "American," "America,"
Is good enough for me.
Then with your foreign "dooks" go 'way,

We'll take our Yankees any day,
And stick to old America,
'Tis best for you and me.

[NOTE—The conjunction understood between "American," "America," is intended to be "or," hence the verb is singular. Otherwise it would be incorrect.]

THE WRECK

A soft evening breeze swept up from the bay
As a fond mother sang at the close of the day,
And lulled her young babe to innocent sleep
While longing she gazed o'er the billowy deep.

The waves as they swept o'er the sands in their glee
Seemed tiding to bring of one out at sea,
But they broke on the rocks into silv'ry foam
Nor told if the loved one would soon return home.

Slowly the light in the west fades away,
While softly, the wind rocks the boats on the bay,
The longing and loving eyes look all in vain,
No gleaming white sails can they see on the main.

With a prayer on her lips and a hope in her breast,
The young wife and mother lies down to her rest,
But, ah, soon is ended the rest scarce begun,
By the blast of the tempest, the roar of a gun,

A ship in distress! In the storm and the night!
Tossed near the rocks where the lighthouse glares
bright!

She'll soon be a wreck! oh, who then can save
Her crew from the fate of a watery grave?

But—it is o'er—the morning sun is now shining
bright

O'er landscape and sea and the wreck of the night.
The broken sails dip in the waters so blue,
But where, now, oh where, is the ill-fated crew?

Do they lie on the rocks where sea mosses grow?
Do their white faces stare from the depths? Ah, no.
In the hamlet ashore, ere the morning was red,
The wild waves gave back all the living and dead.

And the mother who sang at the close of the day
Now holds a dear hand as she looks o'er the bay,
And mutters a prayer as the waves sweep the deck
Thankful the **BEST** was saved from the wreck.

May we as we gaze at our hopes through our tears—
Wrecks that are tossed by the flood of the years—
In thankfulness lift our eyes toward heaven
To know from the **WRECKS** the **BEST** has been given.

"UP TO DATE"

"Up to date," ah, don't you hear it
When you're on the street!
"Up to date," this phrase repeated
By the friends you meet;
When they ask about your purchase,
When they price your clothes,
When they note your shoes or headgear.
Yes, everything that goes
Must be "up to date," "up to date,"
Don't forget the phrase;
Everything that's worth the choosing,
Everything that's worth the doing,
Everything that's worth pursuing,
Must be "up to date."

"Up to date," your table linen,
Your automobile, too,
Why that "up to date" should change them
Is strange as it is true.
Why can't things be good as ever
And not be "up to date?"
Why a year or two should damage
At a serious rate—
Yet "up to date," "up to date,"
This most valued phrase
Changes what we are possessing,

Rules the very laws of living,
For everything that's worth the getting
Should be "up to date."

"Up to date," in stores or office
Rules in all they do;
"Just the latest," is what's offered,
And everything is "*new*."
Things that are as good as ever
Wouldn't suit us if we knew
They weren't "up to date" or "season,"
Nor the "latest thing" and "*new*,"
And "up to date," "up to date,"
How we roll the phrase;
Nothing now is worth the showing,
Nothing now is worth the having,
Nothing now is worth the buying
Unless it's "up to date."

Is there nothing can rescue us
From this foolish fate?
Is there not a phrase as worthy
As this "up to date?"
If there were another given
To help us in this strait,
'Twould be this: "As good as any,"
If—it's up to date!
Then "up to date," "up to date,"
Would not be the "craze,"

For the phrase, "As good as any."
Means as much as need be mentioned,
'Twould save money, time and worry,
And be up to date.

MARCH

March with his blustering and blowing,
March with his north wind and snowing,
When winter breaks up in despair
But leaves his cold breath in the air—
This is March.

Just before April's bright teardrops
Come pattering upon the housetops.
Cold winter prepares for his death,
But he dies not in a short breath—
Rough March is his doom.

Just before sweet flowers are springing
Birds from the south-land come singing,
And flit through the bare naked trees
To wait for the soft summer breeze—
This is rude, rough March.

MEN, NOT HOGS

(Rights Reserved)

" God give us men," not hogs to hold
 the capital for labor--
Men who can feel that man is man
 and is at least his neighbor,
Men who can think that men are men
 and not machines or tools,
Men who can act the part of men
 and not the part of fools ;
That laws of right may be preserved
 in taking as in giving--
That justice may be had from each
 to each in daily living.

" God give us men," not fools to hold
 the destinies of nations ;
" Men with great souls," sacred to keep
 depending man's relation,
That entrenchments need ne'er be made
 on th' sacred sense of duty ;
One sided justice cannot be
 a thing of sense and beauty ;
And privileges sacred held
 should be vouch-safed to others,
Thus commercial domination can
 be had from men as brothers.

"God give us men," th' products to hold,
products of thy universe,
Nor for enhancements of mercenary ambitions. Far worse
Than no existence are such laws
for any man to live by,
But laws of lavish nature are
the better laws to give by.
Nor should these lavish gifts be cause
to trample consciences' scruple
In avaricious getting, nor
be cause for "graft" or "boodle."
We need real men, men who can walk
without being led or driven—
Men who can dare to stand for right
which *right* alone has given.
Give us the time to recognize
the need of rights for *both* sides—
The interdependence of all men—
a condition that abides,
And should be for peace and fairness
cause for strong and honest plea
That no man's for himself alone
but is part of humanity.
God give us love for fellow man.
God give *simplicity*,
Give *common sense*, *fair-mindedness*
and *faithful consistency*.

Oh, we need men, real men, such men
 as God alone can give us—
Kind-hearted men with sense and nerve
 is surely what we need most.
That each may have what is his due
 from "capital or "labor."
Nor men be "hogs nor fools, nor tools."
 but brother, friend, or neighbor.

USE THE AX

If you are in store or office,
Or piling up accounts,
Or in banks the money counting
Each hour in great amounts,
All this gets to be confusing
Through the daily work pursuing,
And you feel your strength is "oozing"
In your daily task,
Homeward wend your weary way,
Your back yard in thought survey,
Get your nerve and wield your ax,
Wield your ax, ax, ax,
Rest your mind and "blow" your muscle
By the wielding of the ax—
Use the ax,
Yes, the ax.

If your work is in a drug store,
Mixing oils and paints,
Weighing drugs for fine prescriptions,
For "science" or complaints,
You'll need a tonic worth the taking,
Which takes strength and work in making,
Its composition is no "faking,"

If a cheerful task;
It's the splitting of the wood,
'Tis the exercise that's good,
The nerve invigorating ax,
Yes, your ax, ax, ax;
With the chopping and the splitting
It's a vigor-giving ax;
Yes, the ax,
Use the ax.

If you are a financier
Working long and late,
Don't forget your time is going
At a serious rate.
Just remember health and vigor
Are the jewels you should "dig for,"
You should try with greater rigor,
If your mind you tax,
When you homeward wend your way
At the closing of each day
To have "strenuousness" relax
With your ax, ax, ax;

With your wielding and your pounding
With the strength restoring ax,
 Use the ax,
 Yes, the ax.

It's just as good for girls and women
 As it is for men,
For weak lungs there's nothing better
 Than chopping now and then ;
Using axes not to rue it,
Not as politicians do it—
For such purposes eschew it—
 As a daily task.
Commence, then, at early dawn,
Or at night when day's work's done,
Get your nerve and wield your ax,
 Yes, your ax, ax, ax ;
It is good for lungs and muscle,
 Is this wielding of the ax,
 Yes, the ax,
 Use the ax.

MY "RUTHERS"

A poet spoke of "ruthers,"
And what he'd "ruther" do—
He'd "ruther" have his "ruthers"—
I'd "ruther" think so, too.

For if I had my "ruthers"
I'd "ruther" have them, too;
I'd "ruther" have my "ruthers,"
Now, honest, wouldn't you?

But if we had our "ruthers,"
I'm sure I cannot see
How then they'd be our "ruthers,"
That's what is puzzling me.

For I think we'd still have "ruthers,"
No difference what we'd do;
We'd hunt up other "ruthers,"
Don't you think so, too?

If I could get my "ruthers,"
Or even just a few,
I think I'd "ruther" have them,
Now, honest, wouldn't you;

THE EVOLUTION TA(I)L(E)

[NOTE—I do not wish to deprive anyone of monkey progenitors, but object to such a ta(i)l(e) being fastened onto mine.]

A man by name of Darwin
Claimed that man from monkeys came,
By a wondrous evolution,
With a scientific name;
And a lot of boosted wisdom,
Would give to you and me
A thing we wouldn't boast of—
A monkey pedigree!

Yes, this Darwinian evolution
Is a somber thing to me,
For every monkey surely has
Descended from a tree.
And if every man from monkeys
Can trace his pedigree,
His mother, wife or sweetheart
May be a "peach," you see!

So if man descended from the monkey,
And the monkey from the tree,
This Darwinian evolution
Is a jolly thing to me;
For in everyone's possession
Must be a "family tree!"
And according to the record
Yours may be "peach," you see!

"WE, THE PEOPLE;" OR PARTISANSHIP VS. POLITICS

" We the people," yes, we flaunt
 our independence great ;
" By the people" laws are made
 to govern every state ;
" By the people" patriots and freedom
 are ever flaunted high,
While "independence" writhes in chains
 that makes such boast a lie.

" Of the people," yes, a phrase that
 means not what it should ;
" By the people" freedom has
 her neck fast in a noose ;
Created by the people is
 a tyranny so great
That throttled is the force that makes
 a democratic state.

This power that creates "bosses"
 "machines" and party "tools" →
That drives the people as a herd
 and leads them dumb as fools →
And gets its life from veins of blood
 of th' nation's main resource
Is party-blind submission
 which robs of right recourse.

O, shame, this power that ties the hands
of men in lands like this ;
For shame, don't call it politics—
partisanship it is.
It kills the freeman's vaunted rights
when followed blindly on ;
The party lash may keep in line
the voters good and strong—
But kills the right—the right to think—
the constitution gave,
When patriots bled and died for this—
this precious right to save.
Let independence live again
in *individual choice*,
And "*by the people*" not "*the party*,"
be "*the people's*" choice.

HOLIDAY POEMS

CHRISTMAS GREETING

[FOR LARGER PUPILS]

We have heard the angels singing
Through the ages long ;
We have heard the news they brought us
In their heavenly song—
“Peace on earth,
Good will to men,”
Let us tell it
Now again.

How the night shone bright with glory
When the tidings came ;
How a star sprang into beauty
At the Savior’s name ;
Thus we have it
Now again,
For ’tis in
The hearts of men.

Ah, if angels told the story
Of Immanuel’s birth,
We may still prolong the echo
Throughout all the earth,
Giving love
And Christmas cheer
That may last
Throughout the year.

There are places yet in darkness,
Places near and far,
Where they never hear the message
Of the angel choir ;
We must herald
It to them—
“ Peace on earth,
Good will to men.”

Always peace, good will and gladness,
And the “Heavenly Light,”
Come to hearts who know the Savior
With his love and might ;
He can bring
Such joy and cheer
That can last
Through all the year.

Then as Christmas dawns in glory
In each loving heart,
Let us to the world around us
Love and peace impart ;
Let us tell it
Then again :
“ Peace on earth,
Good will to men.”

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY

[FOR A DECLAMATION]

The sun shone bright at setting
O'er a country far away,
It lighted up a city,
With its tiled roof painted gay,
While a soft breeze stirred the palm trees
At the closing of the day.

Many people there had gathered
In that city quaint and old ;
They had clustered from the highways
To lodge within its fold.
Till the inns and public places
Had no more room to hold

The many who sought shelter,
And sought it all in vain ;
And many a weary footman,
And many a wagon train
Were resting by the wayside,
There all night to remain.

But some had sought the hillside,
Where caves with stalls were made,
And entered there and rested
On beds of soft, dry hay,
While the breezes rocked the palm trees
At the closing of the day.

The sun went down in glory,
Slow fades the gold and red,
As stars come out in beauty
And twinkle overhead,
While the travelers in silence
Their hungry camels fed.

The noises of the city
Had fairly died at last,
The midnight hour came slowly,
And quietly it passed,
A calm, a holy stillness
O'er all the world was cast.

Hark! Suddenly sweet music
Breaks in upon the night,
While streaming down from heaven
There comes a glorious light,
And the watchmen of the city
Sore trembled at the sight.

But, ah, the world may tremble,
For heaven and earth were blent,
As angels sang in gladness
Of the heavenly message sent,
While a star of wondrous beauty
Shone in the firmament,

Hung low, and guided pilgrims
Unto the low cave door,

Where entered weary travelers
Upon the eve before
To rest them from their journey
Until the night was o'er.

There wise men came to worship
A new-born babe—a king!
A glorious Redeemer!
Well may the angels sing
And fill the world with gladness
With the message which they bring.

Ne'er will the glorious beauty
Of that morning fade away,
For, 'twas the brilliant dawning
Of our first Christmas day.

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS

Where does Santa Claus live? I'd just like to know,
I wrote him a letter a long time ago;
For Santa I thought must be growing old
And I knew a few things he'd ought to be told;
And truly I thought it would be so pleasant
To tell what I'd like for a nice Christmas present.

I told him, of course, in a very nice way
What he should bring me for that Christmas day;
For a few things I wanted and that without fail,
And I gave that nice letter to papa to mail;

But *that* is not why I wrote him that letter,
I asked for some things I thought were much better.

As I stated before, I thought Santa old,
And of his mistakes he'd ought to be told ;
So I wrote down the facts in a very nice way,
So that he'd get them before Christmas day ;
I hoped it would make him thoughtful in giving,
To remember poor people who work for a living.

What then seemed to me so wonderfully queer,
He went to the rich banker's home every year,
And gave an abundance of candies and toys
And almost forgot some poor girls and boys ;
To me, I told him, it looked very funny,
To give his *best* gifts to those who had money.

I asked him then for his own credit's sake
To try not to make such another mistake,
But to take a *big* bundle of candies and toys
And leave them to gladden the poor girls and boys ;
Nor then would they think him stingy or crazy,
Or even what's worse, grown fat and lazy.

When Christmas eve came I hung up my hose,
For Santa to fill with whatever he chose ;
And soundly I slept through all the long night,
But quickly I woke as soon as 'twas light,
And went to my hose ; but nothing was in it,
Only a note where Santa had pinned it.

He wrote, "You're a nice little girl I've not a doubt
And surely know what you're talking about;
I'll take your advice—on the poor I shall call;
Your papa has money, you see?" That was all.
Oh, then I was sorry because I had said it,
And papa looked over my shoulder and read it.

He bought me some gifts, of course as he should,
(And that funny fellow knew that he would.)
A doll, and some dishes, a lovely gold ring,
And all that I'd asked old Santa to bring;
But I'll write no more letters for I cannot feel
pleasant,
When Santa won't bring me a nice Christmas
present.

A CHRISTMAS QUERY

(For Boy or Girl.)

I'd like to tell old Santa Claus
Some things I know are true,
And you, my fellow citizens,
Will have to say so, too.

He does some things so very queer
It makes me often doubt
If old "Kris Kringle" always knows
Just what he is about.

Why does he miss some girls and boys
Whose parents are so poor,

And leave his *best* in wealthy homes?
I can't see *why*, I'm sure.

And then I think he's awful smart,
How *can* he get all 'round;
There are so many boys and girls
Just in our own fair town.

To go all o'er this country wide
In one night, *can't be done*;
And what I think of Santa Claus,
There's surely more than one.

SOME QUESTIONS, OR WHO SANTA CLAUS IS

I always believed in old Santa
And his reindeer that flew without wings,
And his magical sleigh bells that jingled
Like music a fairy elf sings.

But now there are doubts in my musings
Of Santa and that business of his ;
I've questioned the big folks around me—
For I wonder who Santa Claus *is.*

Sister Sue just laughs like and giggles
When I try to make her explain
How Santa can do such great wonders,
That to me is never quite plain,

Like climbing down *little, wee* chimneys
With a rocking horse, drum and a *chair*;
I just don't believe he can do it—
Well, if he gets mad, I don't care.

And, laws, just to think of the young ones
It would keep him a "bumping" I think;
He wouldn't have time to fill stockings
Unless he's quick as a wink.

But, *my*, I guess he's a good one;
I'd *love* to give him a kiss;
If ever I get close so's to see him,
Then I'd *know* who Santa Claus *is*.

Brother Tom says he's just a "delusion,"
And Charlie declares he's a "bluff;"
And the big girls just give their own presents
As though Santa hadn't enough.

But I still just dote upon Christmas,
It's a time when giving's a bliss,
And I'll always enjoy "Old Santa"
Though I *don't* just know *who* he *is*.

CHRISTMAS PIECE

(For Small Child.)

Merry Christmas dear children,
Merry Christmas to all.
I can wish you great blessings
Although I am small.

You've heard of old Santa,
Some call him St. Nick ;
You've heard of his reindeer
And his funnier trick

Of going down chimneys—
The stockings to stuff—
I hope he'll remember
To give each enough

Of all his nice presents,
Of candy and toys,
And books that are useful
For all girls and boys.

And I hope that dear Santa
Will not forget me,
And I wish that we all
A bright Christmas may see.

MY FRIEND "SANTA"

(For a Small Child.)

'Twill soon be Christmas morning,
I wonder what I'll get ;
I haven't sent a letter
To Mr. Santa yet.

I must write a letter,
I think he'll get it soon,

For down to town I'm going
Tomorrow afternoon.

I want a little locket,
With a golden chain,
And a rubber umbrella
To carry in the rain.

And do I want a dolly?
No, I'm getting big
To play like little children ;
I want a lady's rig.

I'll not tell you all I'm wanting,
But I'll write it down,
And take it up to Santa
When I go to town.

EASTER OFFERING “THE IMMORTAL DAWN”

(A Class Recitation)

(First Child)

Two thousand years are past and gone
Since dawned the first bright Easter morn.

(Second Child)

Heaven and earth with joy did ring
When our Lord arose a King.

(Third Child)

Even the angels told the story
Of our Savior's risen glory.

(Fourth Child)

Immanuel, God with us, today
Cleanseth all our sins away.

(Fifth Child)

Morning breaks in golden light
After death's appalling night.

(Sixth Child)

May we in the straight path tread
To the Holy Light be led.

(Seventh Child)

On the first bright Easter day
Angels rolled the stone away.

(Eighth Child)

Rolled the stone away, and we
Have salvation full and free.

(Ninth Child)

Then broken were death's icy bands
By the Savior's bleeding hands.

(Tenth Child)

All our sins on Him were laid
And for us His life he gave.

(Eleventh Child)

Love hath gained the world to Him
Love hath conquered death and sin.

(Twelfth Child)

Darkness can not hide his face
If we will but trust His grace.

(Thirteenth Child)

All we need to do or say
Is to always "watch and pray."

(Fourteenth Child)

We with hearts so glad and gay
Welcome will each Easter Day.

(Fifteenth Child)

Now to the world may Easter prove
A bright and glorious morn,
And may each heart with rapture swell
At the Immortal Dawn.

[EXPLANATION:—Each child should have the letter that commences his couplet to hold up (on a stick) as he commences to speak, so that when all are through they show the phrase in large letters "The Immortal Dawn."

THANKFULNESS

I'm not so big you see
But I can just as thankful be.
I am thankful for my mother,
For my father, sister, brother.
And I love Thanksgiving time,
For I think it very fine.
But I'll be thankful every day,
Is not this the better way?

FOR WHAT ARE WE THANKFUL?

(For Thanksgiving.)

Turkeys may gobble and chickens hang high ;
Mix up a plum cake and a big pumpkin pie ;
Celery, cranberries and such good things to eat,
Taste fine on Thanksgiving with dinner complete.
Just bow and remember who gives us such food,
With willing hearts render praise to Him who is
good
To provide us a country so grand and so free,
And a day for Thanksgiving for you and for me.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving, sweet Thanksgiving,
It comes but once a year.
It comes in waning autumn
When winter days are near.

When harvest's plenty's gathered,
When nature sinks to rest,
When we should be so thankful
For what we know is best.

SUMMER'S LABOR'S O'ER

(Thanksgiving Hymn.)

The harvest moon is silver bright,
The sun's a ball of gold,
When frosts paint all the landscape white,
For now the year grows old ;
The summer's labor now is o'er ;
The fruit of seasons past
Is garnered safe for winter's store,
While skies are overcast.

If clouds and gloom reign all around,
Our hearts must thankful be,
For all the bounty that abounds
From field and vine and tree ;
And justice, truth and freedom live,
Though oft obscure their sway ;
Of God's sunshine and love we're sure,
And peace to praise and pray.

And when harvest moon is silver bright,
Our nation bows to pray ;
We claim as ours by just birthright
A glad " Thanksgiving " day.
Aye, all the year should we direct,
Our thoughts to God in prayer ;
Forever does His love protect,
We're objects of His care.

THE FAIRIES AND SANTA CLAUS

(Cantata to End a Christmas Program)

(THE QUEEN'S SPEECH)

The Queen seated on a throne, crowned and holding a wand.

"QUEEN"

Christmas time is most holy, so we are told
By prophets and sages and poets of old.
All people and spirits to evil inclined
Have no power this night to injure mankind—
And beasts in their stalls in reverence bow
To hold conversation in strange whispers low;
No witches can charm, so holy's the time—
So it is told us by poets in rhyme;
The earth then is free from all violence and fraud
During this midnight hour. Good spirits abroad
Their duty perform to fulfill the command,
To bring "peace upon earth, good will unto man."
Good will and good gifts are seen everywhere
When Christmas time comes with love, peace and
cheer;
But the best of all spirits that travel abroad
Is that "spirit of giving" we call "Santa Claus."
For ages he's gone with a bundle of toys
Each Christmas eve to good girls and boys;
And gives each a portion to show his good will;
He goes far and near their stockings to fill.

How fast his fleet reindeer skim o'er the ground,
He goes like the wind or he wouldn't get 'round.
And as to the children there are always so many,
But Santa tries hard not to miss any;
Though he travels so far in the frost and the cold
He'll always be jolly. But I fear he is old,
And, what is worse, I fear he is lazy,
Or perhaps ailing. I'm sure I'm not crazy.
He asked me to help to bring Christmas cheer,
And here I am waiting; something's happened I
 fear,
To his reindeer or sleigh, or perhaps age is against
 him;
We fairies are ready and wait to assist him.
But, Oh, I'll be patient, it is best each fairy
Should be light and gay, not sad, but merry.
But Santa is ailing, for surely he's late.

(Here the Queen stops and listens for a few seconds)

And a lacking in promptness I ever must hate,
But, Ah me, I'll try in silence to wait.

(Stamps her foot, leans back in her throne chair and resigns in silence to wait. In a few minutes "Santa" comes in with a "hustle" and "hurry" and apparently out of breath. Throws down his "packet" and turns toward queen, then part way back to audience. He makes many funny gestures while speaking and turns and tramps around and addresses both the queen and audience.)

(SANTA'S SPEECH)

Come, come, my good Queen, what are you telling?
That I'm so old and very near ailing;
Why as to my age that is all folly,
I'll *never* grow old and always be jolly.

But the dear children, I must not miss any,
And it happens *this* Christmas there are so many;
And that's why I called each willing fairy
To help in this work of making hearts merry.
I think, my good queen, you surely are dreaming,
Or even what's worse some trick you are scheming;
For where are the fairies? I do not see one,
And long ere this time your work should be done.
I thought you industrious, too much so to shirk,
Or I ne'er would have asked you to help in this
work;
But come, my good Queen, tell what you will do
So that I may know what course to pursue.

(QUEEN)

Ah, Mr. Kris Kringle, we've worked with a might
To have things all ready to help you tonight.
My attendants are ready; at a beckon from me,
What we've been doing you surely shall see.

(Waiving wand)

Come, fairies, come, 'tis time to appear.
Bring forth the gifts that give joy and cheer.

(Enter several little children as fairies, In pairs, drawing a train of little express wagons full of the children's treat.)

(SANTA)

(Prancing around and gesticulating)

Well, well, I see now you're not at all lazy,
I hope you won't think me " cranky " or " crazy, "
And I'm really surprised at this lovely display
I know we'll all have a glad Christmas day.

Now, we'll not miss any dear girls and boys,
Each shall have some nice candies and toys—
Oh here goes to see what's in this big packet.

(Making gestures suitable and opening the big bundle which is full of pop corn, apples, small candy, etc., and which he scatters promiscuously out over audience in a way to make fun for girls and boys especially. There is occasion here for Santa to do many funny things and eat and make remarks for Children's benefit. Then he goes for the gifts in fairie's train and with them helps to distribute the treat—after saying these closing lines.)

And, come, now, don't raise such a terrible racket;
Now here we go—one, two and three,
What you each ought to have we'll very soon see;
Now here is your treat and plenty good cheer,
And love and kindness to last all the year.

CHRISTMAS PIECES

(FOR A SMALL TOT)

Christmas time again is here,
That gives to each and all good cheer;
Then let us all be glad and gay
For every merry Christmas day.

(FOR ANOTHER SMALL CHILD)

Apples, peaches, pears and plums
Are splendid fruits for me,
But I think the finest fruit
Comes from a Christmas tree.

(FOR A BOY)

Jack and Jill went out to play
On a merry Christmas day ;
The story goes that Jill fell down,
Jack bumped his nose and broke his crown ;
But such things happen when we play
On any other coasting day ;
But that don't stop our fun a bit,
And 'tis no sign that we will quit.

JUVENILE POEMS

TO THE G. A. R.

(Recitation for Decoration Day.)

Gather, ye veterans old,
Gather in proud array;
Marshal your forces once more
For Decoration Day.

And roll, roll, the drums,
Beat a sad "tat-too,"
And fire, fire the guns
For the brave and the true.

Keep measured step and slow,
Soldiers growing grey;
Be glad you're honored still
On Decoration Day.

And roll, roll the sound
Of your drums "tat-too,"
And fire your signal gun
O'er the brave and true.

Remember those who fell
Fighting by your side;
Remember, honor, love,
The flag for which they died.

Then march, march today,
To the drum's "tat-too,"
And bear the colors gay,
The old, "red, white and blue."

Do not forget the cause
That made you wear the "blue;"
O, keep your memories fresh
And keep your hearts as true.
Then tramp, tramp today,
To the drum's "tat-too,"
And bear sweet garlands gay
For the brave and true.

THE LITTLE BOOT-BLACK

(To be acted out by two characters.)

O, yes, I'm just a boot-black;
Won't you have a shine?
I'll do my work so nice, sir,
For only half a dime.

Do I like to work, sir?
Yes, when I've lots to do;
For I'm very poor, you see—
Put up your other shoe.

Can I read and write? you ask;
I should say I can—
I go to evening school, sir,
I'll be an educated man.

And what will I do then, sir?
O, well, I cannot say;

But many a smart man, sir,
Has started just this way.

I'm not ashamed of honest work;
I always do my best
To please my many customers
However they are dressed.

Though I don't pile up the money, sir,
My character I make;
While I am shining dirty shoes
My future is at stake.

Ho, you've my best wishes, sir,
When e'er you come this way
Call upon this boot-black, please;
Thank you, sir; good day.

MERRY-GO'ROUND

Come Ella and Stella
and Rosa and Della,
Come let us play
we're a merry-go-'round,
With circling and twirling
join hands a whirling,
O, what fun it is
to skim o'er the ground.

And it's circling a circle,
a wavering circle,

Till dizzy you fall,
 a heap on the ground;
But it's funny and funnier,
 until you're succumbing
And feel you're a
 "really" merry-go-'round.

But Stella and Ella
 and every girl Della
Would rather have "make
 b'lieve" merry-go-'round
And join hands a-whirling
 and laughing and twirling
And kicking the pebbles
 and dirt oer the ground.

Nothing like playing things,
 racing and saying things
That mean other things
 that you may do; ^"
Nothing like "'tending like'"
 making things seeming like
Things that you "make believe"
 as things are true.

A COMEDY OF COLORS

It really is amusing
The tricks that color play,
For names we use so often
Don't mean just what they say.

Now, there is "Mr. White" you'd think
The fairest of all shades;
But, no, he is not fair at all,
He's black as "ace of spades."

And there is "Mr. Blue," ah, me,
With hair as red as brick;
And "Mr. Black" so pale you'd think
He surely had been sick.

And "Mr. Greene" a fine brunette
With beard as black as coal;
"Mr. Orange" is a lovely tan,
And "Lavender" is gold.

And "Mr. Lemon," mercy me,
Is white as any snow;
And that's the way with colors fine—
Misplaced where e'er you go.

And "Mr. Grey" is darkest brown,
And Mr. Brown is grey—
It really is amusing
The tricks that colors play.

A CHILD'S WORK

(For Children's Day.)

Kind friends, I greet you, one and all,
Although, you see, I'm very small;
But once a year comes Children's Day,
So I came here a word to say.
I'll tell you what a child can do
When its heart is kind and true:
A penny bring on Sabbath day
To send to heathen's far away;
Speak kind words and never be
Unkind and cross as some we see;
With parents kind we should not tease,
But try their loving hearts to please,
And though I'm very small, you say,
I'll try to be day after day
Patient, kind and cheerful, too,
And that's a lot for me to do.
Just think what would this old world be
Were there no little folks like me?

CHILDREN'S MISSION

(For "Children's Day.")

There are other lands with many homes
Where the sun shines bright and fair;
But, their souls are dark in those heathen lands,
For no gospel light is there.

The children hear not the " lullabys "

The Christian mother sings;

But more oft are hushed by a cruel fate

That heathen worship brings.

Yes, there are many homes in our own dear land

That are darkness and gloom tonight;

Where to hungry souls and childish hearts

There comes no gospel light.

There's the drunkard's child and orphan waif,

That wait all hungry and cold,

For some kind hand and loving heart

To bring them into love's fold.

So then should we in better homes

Do something for those in need;

Help the poor, the heathen, the orphan, too,

For the Savior's " lambs to feed."

Thus may we practice the Golden Rule,

And ever kind words say;

And praise our God for the Sabbath School

And for the beautiful " Children's Day."

CHILDREN'S DAY

When days are bright and longest,

And roses are in bloom,

'Tis then we have a Children's Day

In the balmy month of June.

'Tis then we sing together
And speak our pieces, too,
And show to older people
The *good* that we can do.

Our little hands are willing,
Our hearts are full of love ;
That we are Christian workers
Our little deeds must prove.

Then don't neglect the small ones,
For our kind Savior, dear,
Blessed and loved the children
When he was living here.

I mean to be a worker,
For Jesus loves *me*. too,
And though I'm very little,
There's much that I can do.

ROBIN RED BREAST

A gay Robin Red Breast
Made so cozy a nest
Up in a tree,
It rocked in the breeze
That swept through the trees
Softly, gently.

O, wise Robin Red Breast,
You have made your nice nest
Of wool and hay ;

From sheep came the wool,
Yes a whole nest full
 You carried away.

When the small robins come
They will live in a home
 So soft and warm,
Mother Robin will spread
Her wings o'er the bed
 To guard from harm.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIFFICULTIES

Mamma says I must always be good, O, dear,
When it's not always easy for me
When peaches are hanging low near the ground
And grapes are ripe, don't you see?

And the cookey jar's close on the first pantry shelf,
And big lumps of sugar in reach—
It's hard to be "good," so *awfully* good,
Though that's what older folks preach.

O' yes, I can try, but dolly won't mind
In all that I tell her she should;
So I do not think it is so terribly bad
If I *can't* be always so *good*.

If they'd just keep the cookies and candies and such
Good things out of my sight,
And make my doll mind, and every one good,
I think I'd be better all right.

A LITTLE BOY'S DESIRE

My friends, I'm just a little boy,
What can I do? you say.
My hands are small, I know not much—
I'm only in the way.

" Large brains big prizes win," O, yes,
But my work to begin;
Must I wait 'till I'm a man?
When shall I ever win?

No, if I'd make a useful man
Some work I now must do;
So I am thankful for each chance
To be a worker, too.

AN ACCIDENT, AN INCIDENT

One more form is still and silent,
Two more eyes are closed for aye,
No more in the happy gambol
Will our kitten join in play.

Naughty Rover eating supper
Snapped our cat while standing by,
And the wound he made was fatal,
On the grass we saw her die.

No, there's nothing can replace her,
O'er our home is cast a gloom ;
Now the mice will have a picnic
Since our cat's gone up the "flume."

A LITTLE GIRL'S BOAST

(A Burlesque.)

There is nothing like civilization,
And the pleasures with which it is fraught ;
I am glad that I live in this country,
That I'm not a Hottentot.
They never have any mirrors,
Nor curlers to crimp their hair on ;
And they never saw a silk parasol
With which to keep off the sun ;
And what do they know about fashions,
Those heathens so far away ?
They never have sewing circles ;
O, I'm glad I live here today.

A FINE BOY

" Pinkie Ponkie," what a boy,
Rides a horse and hates a toy ;
Has high boots with tops of red,
Wears a blue cap upon his head ;
Never swears or slams the door,
Nor leaves his books upon the floor ;
Isn't " Pink " a funny boy ?
" Pinkie Ponkie " is a joy.

SPEECHES FOR LITTLE TOTS

I can count and I can read
My lessons ; I can write,
I can mind my teacher well,
And kiss mamma good night.

(A LITTLE GIRL'S PIECE)

I can wash my dolly's clothes,
And iron them very well ;
I teach my cat and dog and dolls
To read and write and spell.

And I can be a nice, good girl,
This I'm proud to say ;
I can help my mother dear
As well as I can play.

(A BABY SPEECH)

You scarce expect a tiny tot
To say a speech today,
But I can throw you all a kiss (Throws kiss)
And bow and go away.
(Bows and leaves the floor)

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Don't be cross to any one,
Not for any cause,
If you want a present from
Dear old Santa Claus;
You must be both kind and good
And mind your teacher as you should.

Hello, folks, how are you today?
I didn't come to say a speech,
I have not much to say;
So I guess I'll say "good-bye"
And bow and go away.

Sweet little birdies up in a tree
Are singing for you and singing for me;
What are they singing! It's not hard to tell,
"We love you, we love you, we love you well;"
Then we should love them and try to be
Happy as birdies up in a tree.

(Copied from an old note book)

OUR PETS

"Crumpy" is a cow so red,
Has two horns upon her head;
"Dumpy" is a little calf
Whose funny tricks would make you laugh.

"Frisky" is a spotted dog
Who sits and barks upon a log;
"Donney" is the family horse,
Drawing loads for us of course

A SPEECH

Say a speech?
Of course I can;
Just listen to each word
And I know
You'll think my speech
The best you ever heard.
Now, I guess I'll say no more,
So I'll bow and leave the floor.

(Copied from an old note book.)

"Jack and Jill went up the hill"
To coast upon their sled;
The hill was steep, the day was cold,
It made their noses red;
But Jack was strong and Jill was brave.
Sometimes their sleds upset,
But then they never minded it—
Perhaps they're coasting yet.

CHILDREN'S PIECES

(FOR A LITTLE BOY)

I'm a little boy
Not yet seven,
But I can count
More than eleven.
Yes, I can read,
And I can write,
But now it is time
To say "good night."

(FOR A SMALL CHILD)

I'm very young, but what of that,
You once were young as I,
And you don't know what I can do
Until you see me try.

As little sunbeams make the world
Bright where e'er they fly ;
So little children all can light
The world if they but try.

(ANOTHER SMALL PIECE)

Little boys and little girls all
Should do their duty great or small ;
Should try to do what e'er they can,
As they'll find this the wisest plan.

BABY SONG

Baby-bye, where's your eye;
You can count if you but try;
You can laugh, why don't you talk?
You can crawl, why don't you walk?
Are you lazy baby dear?
Baby does not seem to hear.
Baby open wide your eyes
Till your noddle grows more wise.

Little Bo-peep had gone to sleep,
When she went to get her sheep;
She stopped to play upon the hay,
But slept so tight 'twas nearly night
And the sun had gone away.

THE CURSE OF HAM

(Synopsis of a true story.)

A few years ago a northern family located in the South. Domiciled in an old southern mansion, through friends, they secured for cook and house-keeper the services of a very capable mulatto woman whom we shall call Aunt Alabama, or "Auntie Bam."

It was impossible to be glum or discouraged around her. She was a "sure cure" for "blues," with her African wit and hilarious laughter.

Being a first-class worker, industrious and thoroughly reliable, "Auntie Bam" commanded the best of positions and wages, and her new employers were not slow to appreciate her worth.

Her employer, whom we shall call Mr. Johnson, often plied her with questions, enjoying her quaint southern brogue, rich in wit, provincialisms, queer expressions of most exhilarating maxims, proverbs and superstitions. To those northern people "Auntie Bam" was a revelation of southern character and they enjoyed it to the extreme.

Upon one subject "Auntie Bam" was ever willing to expand, i. e., her *son*. Back in the years when Alabama was a care-free, happy, hard-working girl she had met what proved to be her fate—her future husband.

In the person of a tall, good looking, intelligent

mulatto she thought she recognized the embodiment of her ideal "helpmeet." He boasted his pedigree from illustrious white ancestors and built up for himself a false estimate of his real worth, instilling the same erroneous estimate into his sweetheart's mind.

The subsequent developments in their matrimonial career dispelled the illusion in Alabama's mind. He was a worthless, shiftless husband, full of dreams and false imaginations with a contempt for the ordinary duties of life, leaving his wife the living to make. But, one day, he did a kind deed --he died.

His faults were buried with him, likewise his aspirations and talents except what his son (an only child) inherited. "Auntie Bam" had done well by this son, working to educate him, giving most of her hard earned wages without stint, that he should have a *chance* and be fitted for a position worthy of such a son.

He was the pride of her life, her ideal idealized, inheriting the talents and fine physique of his white ancestors—in fact, showing scarcely enough of African characteristics to mark him as a "son of Ham."

But, alas! who can escape? The estimate of worth his mother had instilled into his mind, while perhaps correct, was false as to its application and practicability. Neither had reckoned with the "curse of Ham" that hung over him to disap-

point all hopes and dispel all happy illusions as to earthly honor and intellectual achievements.

The South was not slow to show them their mistake, and so to the North—the land of hope for the slave, the home of progress and civic righteousness, the birth-place of genius, the country of churches and schools—to *this* he came with ability and confidence to realize his own and his mother's dreams.

But here in this land of promise his curse was proclaimed before him. He was barred from commercial positions, from intellectual pursuits and civil offices, forced to take inferior positions, poorly-paying menial work, not because he was not competent, but because over his brow was written the *curse of Ham*.

His mother? Oh, she must not know the crushing truth—she had *faith* in him, and oh, what will the desponding, deperate soul not do to keep the faith that is so consoling!

He put her off with ingeniously invented stories as to why he did not succeed, giving menial positions scientific or figurative names. Thus writing that he was a "tonsorial artist" instead of barber, and the good mother, ever hopeful and confident, exhibited in pride these flowery epistles to her employers. But these people saw the delusion, and knowing the conditions with which he must contend, pitied, but informed not, to dispel the delusion.

Months and years went by and "Auntie" was less hopeful, but more resigned to an undefined disappointment. But one day she got a letter with letter heads of large buildings and the son stated that he had a government position, but small pay, *and he had*. Proudly she exhibited this letter to "Mars. Johnson," and he saw and read and knew the bitter truth. He recognized in the buildings the federal penitentiary in his native state, and he guessed the miserable truth.

Despairing of a lucrative position, gradually realizing that the "curse of Ham" was still upon him, this proud son of the South had fallen in with some "get-rich-quick" methods. O, fatal error! Trusting in his shrewdness to keep outside the law, yet when the law's iron grasp had foiled the progress of a counterfeit gang, they were quick to unload the burden of guilt upon one who must be a "scape goat" for their offenses, because this "curse of Ham" made it possible.

The penitentiary, ruin and wrecked hopes—a mother still trusting with a heart full of love for one who now is hopeless; who has disappointment for faith, a crushing sorrow for ambition, defeat for honest effort, poverty for efficient talent—disgrace, a broken heart, *death*—these were all *his*, all because of a curse he could not lift.

One day "Auntie Bam's" face was sad, her cheerful laughter was stilled, and in answer to

earnest solicitude of her friends she explained that an old friend was ill with the folks in her cabin across the fields. She asked and gained permission to spend the nights there in helping care for him. Weeks went by and "Mars. Johnson's" folks went on a trip. After a few days' absence they returned to find Alabama greatly changed. She was very sad and looked ill, but offered no explanation, only that her "friend" was dead and she need not go to help him any more.

But each evening-time when the twilight and the stars looked down or the storm cloud scudded by, "Auntie Bam" stole out into the night somewhere, and when slumber wrapped the busy world in silence, softly she came again, but not a word she offered as to her mission.

"Mars. Johnson" concluded to investigate and offer help if needed, so following at a safe distance saw her cross the fields to a "colored" graveyard. Listening at the old broken vine-covered fence, he heard the plaint of a mother's breaking heart, the assurance of a mother's love and faith, and the lament for mistaken treatment of a cruel world, coupled with the lullaby with which she had sung her babe to sleep and soothed his dying hours. The truth was out at last, but safe with the kind "Mars. Johnson."

The son, despairing, broken in health, knowing himself incurable, he broke from prison; sick,

suffering with exposure, starving, evading meeting humanity, hiding, stealing his way, but persevering, he at last reached his mother's cabin, a wretched wreck, a hunted fugitive, there to die in his mother's love and protection after many days of illness. Sometimes in his delirious moments he was a care-free happy boy begging his mother for boyish favors, or asking her to sing him to sleep with her quaint southern melodies. Or again he was a hunted fugitive, starving, thirsting, suffering in mind and body—all, all was lived over in his delirium, so that his mother learned the bitter truth. But she blamed him not, her faith was always the same, it was the misjudgment of a cruel world. Only at last with a breaking heart, as her son lay in the peace of death, free from his pursuers, free from false ambitions, beyond the grasp of man's law, then, and not till then, did she learn that he was free—*free from the "curse of Ham."*

(See the poem on page 16)

NOTE TO "CURSE OF HAM."

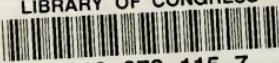
(Will anyone attempt to analyze this mystery of the "curse of Ham?" Will anyone who may say it is not fair or just declare himself free from its influence? It matters not what one may think or feel aenent this "curse of Ham" he will find that in some he is touched and swayed by its strange and mysterious influence, if in any way he comes in contact with its demonstrated laws. Be righteous as you may, be just and sincere, be sympathetic and charitable, "be everything to everyone," but you'll not be free from feeling the existense of such a curse. It looks simple on the surface as to explanation but logic only admits its unexplainable qualities. If anyone can give a correct analysis of this strange "curse" as to its cause of existence let him send it in.

way

Back of it all will be the ever *unanswerable Why?*)

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